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Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 8.

TRAPPE, PENN'A., JANUARY 25, 1883.

WHOLE NUMBER, 388.

A Piazza Tragedy.

The beautiful Ethel's father has a
New-painted front piazza—
He has a
Piazza?
When with tobacco juice 'twas tainted,
They had that front piazza painted—
That tainted
Piazza painted.
Algeron called that night, perchance
Arrived in comely sealskin pants—
That night perchance
In gorgeous pants;
Engaging Ethel in a chat,
On that piazza down he sat—
In chat
They sat.
And when an hour or two had passed,
He tried to rise, but Oh! stuck fast—
At last
Stuck fast!
Fair Ethel shrieked, "It is the paint!"
And fainted in a deadly faint—
This faint
Did faint.
Algeron 'tis there till this day—
He cannot tear himself away—
Away?
Nay, nay;
His pants are firm, the paint is dry—
He's nothing else to do but die—
To die!
Oh, my! From the *Dance Tribune*.

"Maid-Of-All-Work."

Rachel Ramsay looked very pretty. Indeed, as she came down the narrow, wooden staircase of the little brown farm house that afternoon, dressed in a white muslin dress, strewn all over with tiny, pink rosebuds, and a fresh lace frill around her neck, tied with pink ribbon, while her pretty feet were buttoned into a new pair of boots, with high, French heels, and her hair was curled in loose, glossy coils of shining bronze.

"Eh!" said Granny Ramsay, looking up from her everlasting knitting-work, over which she was half asleep; "going to church hey?"

"It isn't Sunday, grandma," exclaimed the girl, laughing and coloring. "I am going to the Tower, to see Miss Calhoun. She has often invited me there—she and Miss Bell."

"Pshaw!" said Granny Ramsay, who was one of those venerable people privileged to speak their minds on all occasions; "what do the fine city ladies at the Tower want of a farmer's daughter like you?"

"But, grandma, they've invited me!"

"It reminds me," said grandma, wisely, "of the old story of the iron pot and the china pot swimming down stream together; and they didn't no-wise suit."

Rachel said no more, but escaped out into the shady lane, where the maples were beginning to turn pale yellow in the first September frosts.

"Grandma is always criticising everybody," she thought. "I know the ladies at the Tower will be glad to see me." Miss Alice wants to sketch my head for 'Flaine' and Miss Bell asked me to sing duets with her. She said I had a voice like a lark. And perhaps Mr. Haroldson will be there. I know he often visits at the house."

And Rachel smiled to herself as she crossed the rustic bridge and went through the woods to the Tower, a fantastic wooden cottage with a semi-circular front, which was let for the summer, the owner thereof preferring to live in a square brick structure in the village.

The little side door was open and Rachel went in. From the left of the passage-way a door opened into the kitchen, there to her infinite amazement, she saw Miss Alice Calhoun herself, in an aesthetic dress of pale sage-green, and roses in her hair contemplating a pair of decapitated fowls which lay on the table.

"Miss Alice!" she exclaimed.

"Is it you, Rachel?" exclaimed the city young lady, bounding on her as a drowning man bounces on the nearest floating straw. "O, I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life! these horrid hens! Bridget has gone away in a rage because I presumed to find fault with the coffee this morning, and we have company to dinner, and I haven't an idea how to get the fowls off those creatures. But now that you are here, everything will be right!"

And she took off the big apron, and stepped back, with a sigh of relief.

Rachel looked perplexed. She had come there, not to enact the role of kitchen maid, but to visit Miss Calhoun; to sit in her drawing-room and enjoy the conversation of her guests, and she did not exactly relish this summary dismissal to the kitchen.

"There is no soup stock," went on Miss Alice, "and a salad, and delicate

piece of halibut, and with the fowls roasted, and a pie or pudding or something which I dare say you can make, we shall do very nicely. I'm particularly anxious about the dinner, because we are to have company. You'll excuse me now, because I have to dress."

And away tipped Miss Alice, selfish and smiling as ever was Queen Cleopatra's self.

Poor Rachel! She stood a minute in the hot kitchen, the tears springing to her eyes, a pang of disappointment at her heart. She knew all about it. Haroldson and Mr. Dallas were to dine there that day and she—she was to be cook waitress, maid-of-all-work—what signifies it what she called herself? She remembered what grandma had said and for once in her life gave that venerable lady credit for discrimination.

There was no help for it, however. She tried on the bib-apron, tucked the curls back of her ears and went to work to prepare the chickens for the roasting pan, now and then pausing to brush away the round bright tears which rolled down her cheeks.

These young ladies evidently intended to make her useful. She might have known that they did, beforehand. She could hear the soft sound of Bell Calhoun's guitar; the sweet subdued tinkle of Alice's laughter; the deep, monotonous under-current of gentlemen's voices, and then she glanced down at her pretty muslin dress and bows of pink ribbon, and began to think that Miss Calhoun had taken an unfair advantage of her.

If she could only have heard the rapid and energetic colloquy which transpired between the two sisters in their dressing-room when Alice first came up stairs, she would perhaps have better comprehended the drift of things.

"Good news!" Miss Calhoun had cried, waving her scented pocket handkerchief in the air. "I've got a girl in the kitchen!"

"No!" said Miss Bell, a fair-haired cream-complexioned damsel, with pale eyes and a perpetual smile.

"Rachel Ramsay," nodded Alice, "come up here with her best bib and tucker to spend the day. Of course I confiscated her at once."

"The bold pushing thing!" said Bell with a disdainful gesture.

"She's a deal to pretty to bring into the drawing-room for Haroldson and Armine Dallas to flirt with!" added Miss Alice knowingly. "And I don't see any way that I could have avoided it if it hadn't been for these lucky chickens and Bridget's fortunate fit of temper. Make haste now. They'll be here in a minute. And I know little Rachel is a first-class cook, for I've been there to tea."

So the young ladies of the Tower were enjoying the feast of reason and the flow of soul in their cool drawing-room, with books, new-gathered roses and blue-ribboned guitars, while poor Rachel Ramsay was broiling in the kitchen over peach tarts and Neapolitan creams.

She had not forgotten her disappointment, but artist like, she had thrown herself into her occupation with energetic hand when a step crossed the threshold.

"Here are some fresh trout, Bridget, to surprise your mistress," said a clear voice.

And to her infinite amusement, Haroldson stood before her in his hunting costume, with a fishing rod lightly balanced on his shoulder.

"I'm not Bridget," said the girl laughing, but still stirring on. "I'm Rachel."

"Miss Ramsay!" he exclaimed, lifting his cap. "How in the name of all that is wonderful came you here?"

And then, not without humor, Rachel detailed the manner and incidents of her capture.

"I am the maid-of-all-work, if you please," she said with courtesy.

"Then let me help you," said Mr. Haroldson, briskly tying a second bib apron around his hunting suit.

Used to be a pretty good hand at spider and gridiron when I camped out on Lake Cuscuta, up in Maine."

"But are you not engaged," said Rachel half pleased, half frightened.

"I can volunteer," observed the young man. "Give me the oil and vinegar and you will see what a dressing, *a la maitre d'hotel*, I can provide for that salad of yours."

And if ever a pair of cooks spent a delightful unconventional sort of morning in the kitchen, this pair did.

They laughed, they made innocent

jokes, they behaved like two school children.

And at last when Rachel had run out into the garden to gather some watercresses to deck the newly roasted fowls, Mr. Haroldson heard the voice of Miss Bell Calhoun calling down the stairway:

"Rachel! Rachel! you may serve the dinner. Every one is here but that tiresome Haroldson!"

"And he's here too," calmly responded that gentleman, who was washing his hands at the pump.

"What!" cried Bell, shrilly.

"The cook and butler are expected to take their meals in the kitchen," said Mr. Haroldson with commendable gravity. "And I've no objection whatever to that arrangement."

And nothing could induce Haroldson to come up to the dining-room. He and Rachel together ate their plainest sort of a repast, and washed the dishes—although the matter somewhat lost its spice when the Misses Calhoun and their company all adjourned, *en masse*, to the kitchen, and persisted in joining their ranks.

And when the purple sunset came dreamily down over the dark cedars that overhung the brawling stream, and the gay guests had all departed, Alice and Bell Calhoun gazed dubiously at each other.

"Was ever anything so provoking?" said Bell.

"He has actually gone home with her!" said Alice bursting into angry tears.

"And after all the pains we took to keep them apart!" said Bell.

"It was all your fault!" petulantly exclaimed Alice. "Noticing that farmer's daughter and dragging her out of her sphere in that sort of way."

"But it was you that plumed yourself on getting her into the kitchen!" scolded Bell. "And a nice mess you've made of it."

"But how were we to know that it was going to end so?" groaned poor Alice.

"Well Rachel!" said Granny, when the girl came in, just as the lamps were lighted, "what sort of a day did you have?"

"Oh charming!" said Rachel. "I enjoyed myself more than ever I did before at the Tower, and I never went out of the kitchen. They had company, and I helped to get dinner."

"Humph!" granted granny. "That's a queer way of entertaining visitors. But praps that's city manners."

"Perhaps it is!" said Rachel, demurely.

"Who was it came home with you?" asked granny, who was not quite deaf or blind as yet, "and left you at the garden gate?"

"One of the other servants," said Rachel.

"Well, I never!" said granny, where's all your pride? Rachel Ramsay?"

"I never was prouder in all my life than I am to-night!" said Rachel.

"Listen grandma for I have so much to tell you. Mr. Haroldson of New York, walked home with me; and I've met him ever so many times before this summer, at picnics and archery parties, and such places, but I never knew that he cared for me. And to-night he asked me to marry him, and he is to come here to-morrow morning to see father."

"Do you love him?" said Granny Ramsay, huskily.

And Rachel answered:

"Yes!"

"Then God bless you, my child, and give you both long and happy life!" said the old lady, softly smoothing the girl's bright head.

And every one was satisfied, except the ladies at the Tower.

Who Struck "Billy."

The phrase, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" is said to have originated during a melee in the early days of Franklin county, Ga., when a wealthy merchant of Baltimore, rejoicing in that euphonious cognomen, was struck from behind while trying to make peace among the combatants. Mr. Patterson immediately called out in a tone that showed him to be fighting mad, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" and repeated the demand with an offer of \$100, and finally as much as \$1,000 reward for the desired information which was not, however, forthcoming as the angry man is reported to have been "as strong as a bear and as brave as a lion," though ordinarily of a very peaceable disposition. Years afterward in his will, he related the above facts and bequeathed \$1,000 to be paid by his executor to the man who would tell "who struck Billy Patterson." His will is recorded in the ordinary's office at Carnesville, Franklin county, Ga., and we are told that anyone curious about the matter can there find it and verify the preceding statements.

GOTHAM GOSSIP.

New York, Jan. 16th, 1883.—The sensation of the week was unquestionably the suit for \$75,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage, brought by Miss Mary A. A. Livingston, against Henry Fleming a young millionaire. The details as developed in the course of the trial were purport in the extreme, and of course the court room in Brooklyn was packed to repletion with curiosity seekers. The trial resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount asked for, the heaviest amount ever awarded in a breach of promise case in the history of legal practice. Now, there is no doubt that such a verdict would not have been given in any other city in the Union save Brooklyn. That city has not its like in the country. It has more scandals to the square yard than other large cities have to the square mile. It combines the peculiar friskiness of Chicago with the outward demureness of a Quaker town. Everybody goes to the church and yet everybody looks as if he or her had a history. Outside of that however, Mr. Fleming's case was grossly mismanaged. His lawyer Mr. Howe who is very good saving criminals from the gallows, seems to have been at sea in this case. He attacked the girl in the most brutal manner. He called her a cyprian and a daughter of a cyprian. On the statement of a detective who seems to be a paragon of sanity, he charged her with having kept an improper lodging house ten years ago. Now the girl is not yet twenty-one and the detective simply ascribed to her the doings of a woman by the name of Livingstone, who for ten or fifteen years prior to 1874 was a fashionable notorious character of metropolitan shady life. Of course the jury had to sympathize and side with her.

Said a lawyer to me, a man who at one time filled the position of judge in one of our leading State Courts, and who has gained many laurels by his pleadings at the bar, "the day of bullying a plaintiff or heaping vile abuse on him, and treating him or her in such a manner as to arouse all that is manly in bystanders are over. A lawyer who attempts to rely on such a method will not alone lose his own cases, but he will make himself liable to prosecution. The spirit of the age is in favor of moderation, and it was a high time that this spirit made itself felt."

An appeal has been taken from the verdict, and additional evidence against the character of the woman has been claimed by the defense. During the trial it was charged that Miss Livingstone had been intimate with her mother's coachman, one Alexander Cornelius. This person has now come forward and produced the letters alleged to have been written to him by the girl. This of course will open the sluice gates again. The spectacle is not edifying. And yet, strange are the workings of a woman's mind, or rather feelings, this girl even now would marry Fleming were he willing. I am so informed by a person who knows both parties.

Apropos of the Milwaukee hotel fire, our Building Inspectors are actively engaged in examining every public house of comfort to see whether the means of escaping from fire are adequate. Now, according to the statement of one of the inspectors of the department, every one of the big caravansaries is a death trap in case of fire, but the system of vigilance inaugurated in the leading establishments is calculated to reduce the danger from flames to a minimum. Only about three weeks ago a fire broke out in one of the most fashionable hotels in upper Fifth Avenue. One of the pipes was overheated which set fire to flooring and then to the carpet in one of the rooms. The reporters headed by the engineer who had been well drilled went to work with an energy which produced the best results. In ten minutes they had ripped the burning floor up and in half an hour the flames which might have caused a dreadful loss of life were extinguished. The hotel people were anxious to keep the matter out of the newspapers,

and this statement here is the first that has appeared regarding the occurrence. I shall not mention the name of the hotel in question, but it is in Fifth Avenue not very far from Central Park.

A Catholic Priest of my acquaintance had an amusing adventure in a street car the other day. He is one of those few clergymen of modern days who remain poor because they find so much misery to relieve. He was a riding in a street car on his way to a sick call. In his overcoat pocket he carried a large memorandum book. Beside him sat a gentlemanly looking man who was busied with a newspaper. All of a sudden the man arose and went to the back platform as if to leave the car. Not long after the priest left too. As he arose he found that his pocket book was gone. Much chagrined he yet could not help feeling amused over the prospective discomfiture of the thief, because he knew that the book did not contain a cent of money. He turned into the street, when much to his surprise a man who followed him, tapped him on the shoulder, and handing him his book remarked, "sir, excuse me my friend, here is your book. It was all a mistake. There is nothing in it," and abruptly hastened away.

"SNOOKS' CORNER."

The bright side of the Reform question!

"There are two sides to every question." Snooks when a boy, heard this generally accepted fact promulgated by one who was old enough to be his grandfather, and Snooks' memory has been good enough to retain it until this special period of the nineteenth century, and American high and low life, and has calculated by observations and deductions that there is a good deal of rock-bottom, or bottom-rock, sense in the assertion. When we "hung on" to the reform question and freely attempted to picture the gloomy side of it, we naturally foresaw that there must be at least a ray of sunshine on the other side, and if a person will go in search of sunshine it can be found without the aid of a dark lantern.

As a rule, genuine reform is of slow growth, and an unadulterated reformer grows too fast in opinion for the age in which he exists. I refer especially to great questions of moral and social reform. The bogus reform of which I spoke in my last peroration, is mushroom-like, will grow up during a night, and attract the attention of the rest of creation by its sudden appearance. True reform travels slowly, and surely, and is well-shod, prepared for all kinds of weather. It does not say to a poor unfortunate mortal who is heavily freighted with the ills caused by misguided footsteps: "Change your whole being at once, or you will be damned,"—but it grasps him firmly by the hand and kindly shows the way, and the light, and the right, the peaceful satisfaction that is only obtainable by walking straight and firm, and induces him to try to "buckle on his armor" and battle against further iniquitous encroachments; to gain the mastery by persistent and regulated efforts; and not by a spontaneous combustion of the whole system. Moralize, as you please, how you please, my countrymen, but remember you cannot transform a devil into a saint within twenty-four hours—or twenty-four days, either. This is Snooks' opinion. Am I right or wrong? If I am wrong it is a pity—because I will not change my opinion now, unless contrarily convinced.

The true reformer—I mean one who is thoroughly conscientious in communicating reformatory means to mankind—is, first, a man of unusual intelligence and moral courage. He peers into the dim vista of futurity and reads by the untrodden waysides the future effects of existing evils. The letters are plain and he fails not in reading them aright. Foreseeing the coming storm, he has the moral courage to warn his fellow travelers of the impending danger,—and ten to one his fellow travelers will "laugh him to scorn," denounce him as a fanatic, and kick him out the back door of their small apartment, (mentally speaking, certainly). The real reformer labors to save, and ameliorate the condition of mankind, while mankind rushes madly on with reckless pace. The reformer is planning human redemption from crowning vices while the world around him is feckless in iniquity. But the quiet work of the 18th reformer is going on, and on, and here and there leaves its unmistakable

impress of lasting good. He labors for the right because it is right, and not because it happens to be popular. His opinions are conscientiously formed and gauged by the sterling laws of rocky morality, and he adheres to them, and advocates them without securing a vote of popular approval. He knows that popular approval is often a very dangerous sort of approbation. It is a question with me whether popular approval, or surface flattery, does not damn more human beings than it raises above the common level. The true reformer is an earnest and sincere advocate of justice to humanity, and mark you, when humanity fails most in knowing what is best for itself, these unerring guideposts of integrity gladly raise the index finger and point out the way that leads to the cool shades and healing waters.

The greater portion of mankind does not stop to think but "rushes madly in where Angels fear to tread." True Reformers have raised the standard of civilization, have caused men and women to shine as moral pearls, if they are but anæmic "creatures of the dust." We cannot move things swimmingly without the presence of true reformers. They are a necessity—have been in every age, and will continue to be, until the dawn of the spoken millennium, when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together."

I believe in giving a listening ear to every conscientious reformer, and a deaf ear to plainly marked shams. Let us honor the true reformer, for he is good; and his ways are those of honesty, sobriety and industry.

Truly Yours,
JIM SNOOKS

An Honest Lawyer.

Now and then, strange as it may appear a lawyer is deceived by his client. Doubtless, the lawyer who advised his client, on trial for sheep-stealing, to say, "Ba, ba!" to every question asked him, thought himself smart.

The trick secured the prisoner's release on the ground of insanity. But when the wily counsellor demanded his fee, he was not a little indignant to find that his client was much smarter than himself. "Ba! ba!" was all that he could draw out of the man.

He had so well learned his lesson that he thought the sounds which had saved him from the gallows would deliver him from a lawyer.

Here is another anecdote, which tells how a sharp client was met by an honest lawyer. The lawyer was James Otis, the eloquent advocate, who, from 1760 to 1770, led the bar and the patriots of Massachusetts.

A man of good standing employed him to bring a suit to recover the amount of a bill which the alleged debtor insisted had been paid. As the man could furnish no proof of payment, suit was brought.

During the trial, Mr. Otis asked his client for a certain document. As the client was searching for it among the papers contained in a large pocket-book, Mr. Otis happened to see therein a receipt in full for the bill. By some means, the dishonest client had got possession of the receipt.

Taking him to one side, Otis said to him. "You are a pretty rascal! There is the receipt for the very demand now before the court!"

The client was dumfounded by the discovery of his dishonesty and begged Otis not to expose him. Going back to his place, the honest lawyer said:

"May it please Your Honor, it is unnecessary that this case should proceed. Something has just occurred which convinces me that my client's demand is unfounded. I ask that the plaintiff may be non-suited."

With some remarks upon the manly conduct of the counsel, whose example, if followed, would not unfrequently save the time of the court, the judge ordered a non-suit.

How A Toad Undresses.

A gentleman sends to an agricultural paper an amusing description of "How a Toad takes off his Coat and Pants." He says he has seen one do it, and a friend has seen another do the same thing in the same way:

"About the middle of July I found a toad on a hill of melons, and not wishing him to leave, I hoed around him. He appeared sluggish, and not inclined to move. Presently I observed him pressing his elbows against his sides and rubbing downward. He appeared so singular that I watched to

see 'what he was up to.' After a few smart rubs his skin burst open straight along his back. 'Now!' said I 'old fellow you have done it; but he appeared to be unconcerned, but kept on rubbing until he had worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then gasping one hind leg with both hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would; then stripping the other hind leg in the same manner. He then took his cast-off skin forward between his forelegs into his mouth and swallowed it; then by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped of the skin underneath until it came to his forelegs; and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand by considerable pulling, stripped off the other, and by a slight motion of the head and all the time swallowing, he drew it from the neck; and swallowed the whole. The operation seemed an agreeable one, and occupied but a short time."

Creation is full of great wonders.

Something in the Bed.

Judge Pitman has a habit of slipping his watch under his pillow when he goes to bed. One night somehow it slipped down, and as the judge was restless it worked its way down toward the foot of the bed. After a bit, while he was lying awake, his foot touched it; it felt very cold; he was surprised, scared, and jumping from the bed said:

"My gracious, Maria, there's a foal or something under the covers; I touched it with my foot!"

Mrs. Pitman gave a loud scream and was on the floor in an instant.

"Now, don't go hollering and waking up the neighborhood," said the judge. "You get a broom or something, and we'll fix the thing, mighty quick."

Mrs. Pitman got the broom and gave it to the judge with the remark that she felt as though snakes were creeping up and down her legs and back.

"Oh, nonsense, Maria! Now, turn down the covers slowly while I hold the broom and bang it. Put a bucket of water alongside of the bed so that we can shove it in and drown it."

Mrs. Pitman fixed the bucket and gently removed the covers. The judge held the broom uplifted, and as the black ribbon of the silver watch was revealed, he cracked away at it three or four times with the broom, then he pushed the thing off into the bucket.

Then they took the light to investigate the matter. When the judge saw what it was, he said:

"I might have known; it's just like you women to go sneezing and fussing about nothing. It's utterly ruined."

"It was you that made the fuss, not me," said Mrs. Pitman.

"You needn't try to put the blame on me."

Then the Judge turned in and growled at Maria until he fell asleep.

Johnny's Overcoat.

Johnny M. lives in Racine and his mother is a most excellent woman and highly respected, but she cares little for style in dress—which brought Johnny to grief. She made him an overcoat, and after the manner of careful mothers, allowed for growth; in fact she allowed a little to much in length. It was finished for Johnny to wear for the first time on a Saturday. He went out on the street, and the first boy he met cried:

"Je-ra-salem! what an overcoat!"

Soon another boy came along, and greeted him with:

"Je-ra-salem! Johnny where did you get that overcoat?"

Jerusalem being a word that was then current among the boys he heard it several times that day in exclamations about his remarkable coat.

As the next day was Sunday, Johnny, as in duty bound, went to church; but being somewhat late, did not arrive till the pastor was reading the morning lesson, in which this passage occurred:

"Oh! Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them!"

Johnny stepped inside the church door just in time to hear the words "Oh! Jerusalem," and fearing a reference to his overcoat, and by this time being extremely sensitive on the subject, he turned and fled home. It is needless to say he never wore the coat again until it had been remodeled.

Parents do not always realize how much a child may be caused to suffer by compelling him to wear some article of dress different from the prevailing mode.

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J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
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Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

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EVANSBURG, PA.

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F. G. HOBSON,
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Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.
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[Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.]
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Near Fenton's Store. Branch Office at Eagleville. Will attend to Branch Office on Monday. Gas administered.

D. C. SHULER,
Trappe Pa., will repair watches and clocks at short notice, either at home or at your residence. Good workmanship. Low prices.

J. P. KOONS,
Practical Slater!
RAHN'S STATION Pa.

Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

EDWARD DAVID,
PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,
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Orders promptly attended to. Can do any kind of work in the line of painting, graining, and paper-hanging, satisfactorily. Estimates cheerfully furnished upon application.

HORACE RIMBY,
FLORIST,
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Wreaths, Crosses, Baskets, &c. filled with natural flowers. Weddings, Funerals, Commemorative, &c. promptly attended to.

M. H. KEELER,
Painter, Grainer,
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Orders entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Contracts made at reasonable figures. All work done in a satisfactory manner.

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Suits cut and made to order in accordance with latest styles, or in any style that may be desired. Fits guaranteed. Good work. Reasonable prices.

SUNDAY PAPERS.

The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will be delivered to those wishing to purchase along the line of Collegeville, Freeland and Trappe, every Sunday morning.

HENRY YOST,
News Agent,
Collegeville.

THE KEYSTONE

Dry Goods Store

In Order to Close out its Large Stock of

Ladies Coats,

DOLMANS,

And DRESS GOODS,

Will make a Reduction in Prices,
Commencing from DECEMBER 1st, 1892.

We will Reduce a Lot of

Dress Goods to 12-1-2 Cts.,

That we have Sold at 25 Cts. per Yard.

Coats and Dolmans 25 per ct. reduction.

CALL ON

MORCAN WRIGHT,

At the Keystone Dry Goods Store
NORRISTOWN, PA.

Victory! Victory!!
DR. HOWER'S
10c. Cough Remedy

PURELY VEGETABLE.

WHICH CURES COUGHS, COLDS AND THROAT DISEASES.

DON'T BE DELUDED into paying 75 cts. and a \$1.00 for Cough Syrup, when you can purchase Dr. HOWER'S Improved Tar, Wild Cherry, Hoarhound, Elecampane, Coltsfoot, Honey and Sugar, Licorice, a solid Cough preparation, for 10 cts. This is purely a vegetable compound. No opiates, therefore can be taken without any deleterious consequences. Equal to eight ounces of Syrup of Tar. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

If you want free sample copies of the largest and best agricultural paper in the country, write yours and your neighbor's names on a postal card and mail it to Farmers' Friend Pub. Co., South Bend, Ind. Price 30 cents a year and Premium to every subscriber.

Farmers!

What the amount of grain

is that should be fed to each animal

must be largely determined by circum-

stances. Above all things, young grow-

ing stock should not be neglected. A

failure to care rightly for young ani-

mals tends to develop the bad quali-

ties, and at the same time to retard the

development of, and even permanently

injure the good qualities.

Let those of our readers who have

not been in the habit of feeding grain

to their cattle, make the experiment to

see if they cannot sell \$50 worth of

corn for \$100 by feeding it to their

cows and other stock. In the spring

give us the result of your experiment.

Agriculture and Science.

Edited by J. K. HARLEY.

PUBLIC SALE OF LAND.

A bid may be by any person at a public

sale is an offer by him. The bid may

be withdrawn before it is accepted, if

not, then it is accepted and the bargain

made. The description of the farm

offered at sale must give true infor-

mation, or the purchaser is not bound

to the conditions of sale or take the

estate.

If land is sold in lots, and each

bought by itself a separate bargain is

made for each lot. Good titles must

be given for each lot before they can

be conveyed. If a seller or auctioneer

says at the sale there is no by-bidding,

or says anything to that effect, and

then employs by-bidding, the buyer is

not bound to take the land. Several

persons desiring to make a purchase in

partnership, may employ one to do

the bidding, when an agreement has

been made to that effect.

An auctioneer of real and personal

property who does not give the name

of the owner, is himself liable to the

buyer for the completion of the sale,

and for any warranty he makes; like-

wise if he sells and warrants without

authority. But if he states who the

owner is, and has his authority, he

puts the liability of the sale and the

warranty upon the owner.

What one takes by the deed of a

farm is a question answered by the

description and boundaries. These

should be stated carefully, and great

difficulties and lawsuits often occur,

where they were stated inaccurately or

insufficiently. The evidence of what

parties meant or intended cannot be

made to contradict what they have

said in writing. This rule seems to

work injustice, but it is entirely reason-

able, for, if parties had agreed upon a

certain matter and put it in writing in

the proper and formal way, either

could put the writing aside by evidence

that he meant something else, no one

would be safe in his contracts or secure

in his rights. But if either party has

used language to defraud the other and

can be proven, it will be taken as

evidence, and the defrauded party may

declare the contract void. Words and

conversation about the farm amount to

nothing in law.

The bargains are often obscure and

uncertain; and while evidence cannot

put new boundaries into a deed, it may

make those certain which are there. Boundaries may be inconsistent. A farm may be said to contain so many acres, and have certain bearings with certain distances; But there may be no such bearing, or the distance may vary, or the farm may contain more or fewer acres than the description. In such cases evidence may show, with reasonable certainty—just what the boundaries, actually are, as certain trees, or stones. The boundaries thus made certain, will control distances, and contents, unless the discrepancies are so great as to show fraud, or that the parties labored under some mistake.

When the number of acres are mentioned in the description, it is best to add, "more or less." This guards effectually against any inaccuracy. Failure in the number of acres, without it, would not avoid the deed, unless it was so large as, with other circumstances, it would show fraud. It is always best to see that all things relating to descriptions, boundaries, old deeds, etc., are all accurate and in accordance with facts, before purchasing.

WINTER FEEDING.—While many farmers are still giving but little thought to the most economical and advantageous method of feeding stock during this season of the year, the more considerate and thrifty are making careful estimates of probable results of the various methods of keeping stock over winter. If, during the summer, stock has been thriving fairly on pasture alone, it is very evident that during cold weather when more animal heat is required of food (were it obtainable) to keep stock in the same condition as they were in summer. But as hay—which loses much of the original nutritive value in curing—is generally used as the substitute for pasture, it seems very clear that something more than hay should be fed to all stock. We know it does not pay to sell corn at 35 cents per bushel and let the cows do on hay and cornfodder alone. An average cow will turn 35 cents worth of corn meal or chop into 75 cents worth of butter, when butter is 30 cents a pound; she will also save some of the hay and will remain in a better and healthier condition. As a matter of course, if a cow be dry during the winter it may not pay to feed much grain; but if she is dry three months it is a question whether she is worth keeping at all. One of our readers who never feeds grain of any kind to his cows told us a few days ago that his cows yielded but half the quantity of milk they did before cold weather set in. Our experience in this respect was very widely different. When cold weather set in we commenced giving our cows four pounds of chop (corn ground with cob) a day, and the yield of milk is nearly, if not altogether, as great as when they were in pasture. When pasture fails, something more than dry hay or cornfodder must be substituted. What the amount of grain

is that should be fed to each animal must be largely determined by circumstances. Above all things, young growing stock should not be neglected. A failure to care rightly for young animals tends to develop the bad qualities, and at the same time to retard the development of, and even permanently injure the good qualities.

Let those of our readers who have not been in the habit of feeding grain to their cattle, make the experiment to see if they cannot sell \$50 worth of corn for \$100 by feeding it to their cows and other stock. In the spring give us the result of your experiment.

In feeding corn, the best results are not usually attained by feeding the grain whole. This fact, is true of any grain, nor should it be thrown on the ground indiscriminately. All kinds of stock relish clean food. The cleaner the food the better it is relished; and the greater the relish the better the result. Food may be so dirty that a hog won't eat it. Clean out the troughs well. Animals do not like "warmed over dishes." Give your stock clean water to drink.

SHELTER FOR STOCK.—One of the most important matters that the farmer has to attend to at this season of the year is the preparing of shelter for his stock. He who neglects this now loses money. Shelter from the storms of winter, and warm, dry quarters for night has saved many a bushel of grain for the farmer.

Sheep should have a shelter where they can go and come as they please. Although this is not always convenient but there should be at least a place where they can be housed during the wet, cold days and nights.

Cattle should also have a chance to get some place to shelter them from storms. More beef can be made and more milk obtained. But more particularly should swine have a good place to sleep. I believe hogs require more sleep than any other animal. You have often noticed how a hog will sleep and sleep. Whenever he eats his fill he lays himself down to sleep. Never does he lie with his eyes open if he is comfortable; consequently he should have a good dry place to lie. But in all places where farmers are preparing shelters, they should have two objects in view: 1st. Shelters should be made on ground where they can be well drained, or should have good floors.

2d. They should be prepared so that cracks where the wind and snow blow through can be avoided.

I believe that almost all the sheep that have sore feet have received it by the foul places where they have walked or stood. I once housed a flock of sheep in a shed where it was impossible to keep a drain open, as it would freeze each night, and as a consequence their feet became sore.

Hogs should be kept where they would have a good dry bed with plenty of good straw or corn stalks. We often see the farmer feeding his hogs in a field where there is not a particle of shelter, and after the snow be- ins to fall, such a practice is both cruel and ruinous, as it requires more feed to keep up the animal heat. Brother farmers and stock raisers, let me urge you to have good quarters for your stock.

—J. H. Denham.—In the Pennsylvania Farmer.

KIDNEY WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED THE SUREST CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim of KIDNEY DISEASE? If so, you need KIDNEY WORT at once. (Gives full particulars.)

It is a powerful and reliable remedy for all cases of KIDNEY DISEASE, whether it be in the form of GRAVEL, CALCULI, or any other of the numerous affections of the URINARY ORGANS.

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